

ARK 2



# BETWEEN US....

## THE SONG OF AUSTRALIA

There is a land where summer skies  
Are gleaming with a thousand dyes,  
Blending in witching harmonies;  
And grassy knoll and forest height  
Are flashing in the rosy light,  
And all above is azure bright -

Australia!

There is a land where honey flows  
Where laughing corn luxuriant grows,  
Land of the myrtle and the rose.  
On hill and plain the clustering vine  
Is gushing out with purple wine,  
And cups are quaffed to thee and thine -

Australia!

There is a land where treasures shine  
Deep in the dark unfathomed mine,  
For worshippers at Mammon's shrine;  
Where gold lies hid and rubies gleam,  
And fabled wealth no more doth seem  
The idle fancy of a dream -

Australia!

There is a land where homesteads peep,  
From sunny plain and woodland steep,  
And love and joy bright vigils keep;  
Where the glad voice of childish glee  
Is mingled with the melody  
Of nature's hidden minstrelsy -

Australia!

There is a land where, floating free  
From mountain top to girdling sea,  
A proud flag waves exultingly;  
And freedom's song the banner bear -  
No shackled slave can breathe the air:  
Fairest of Britain's daughters fair -

Australia!

C.J. Carleton.

It comes, once an issue, a time to sit down and actually do something creative yourself - it's all very well to put

out a magazine written by others (I mean to say, they write better than you do), drawings by talented people, and the settling-out layed down by your dear husband, who, after all, has had ten years in fanzine pubbing to decide what ~~he thinks~~ looks best layout. Until a couple of days ago, Ronl did most of the type-out himself since his typewriter and I do not tend to get on very well together. It has a tendency to pull the stencil to one side due to a rubber (ie. a roller) which was too large, on one side. The offending roller has since been sandpapered down.

That itself is a story. Being normally tardy people, Ronl and I have been putting off trying to read (decifer rather) the handwritten manuscript of a Trekkie friend of ours, until finally, the woman sicced her lanky friend on to us, to produce the aforementioned manuscript - or else. Now, Phillip H Williams is well-known to Sydney fandom, and in fact, to general Aussie fandom for his portrayal at Syncon 72 of "Super Boobs", stuffed rather conspicuously with a great amount of stuffing. To overse as visitors (especially those who are taking up the SSFF suggestion of meeting Sydney fandom at arranged parties and outings to local "spots" - for information, write to me, since I'm president of the SSFF and I'm handling the preparations), he'll seem a true-blue kind of Aussie - a real story book Australian - tall, lantern-jawed, shock of red hair, plays tennis in the sun, travels to the Centre in his orange mini, is a ralley driver (for fun), and, for a living, is an electronics person.

Anyway, enough of the free adds (No, he's not paying me to say all this): This fellow, brought up in the best of Sydney fannish traditions (for more antics read the enclosed personalzine) turned up at our place one night - or more correctly, one morning after we had just come back from a quiet evening with Ron's sister and brother-in-law, Shirley and Bbob Dobson, and our tiny blue-eyed beauty of a niece, Kerrie-ann (aged six monthes), watching old Italian movies. It was nearly 2 am at the time! And of course, we were tired.

I remember well that he used to come up at somewhere near this hour when I was living away from home, boarding with a retired physiotherapist at Eastwood - but that's another story - but even then, while keeping me company (I was scared of the old house would you believe?) when I was studying, every quarter of an hour, he would ask for another cup of coffee. Lhord knows where he put it all, and it certainly didn't help my concentration. And he hasn't gotten out of the habit yet!

After a cuppa and an hour later, he was still "visitin'". So, deciding to foil his friendliness (I like Phil visiting - if only he - and the rest of Sydney fandom - would do so at a reasonable hour) I got into my nightdress and gown, took down my hair and yawned a lot.

"Hey", said Phil, finally getting the message. "Am I keeping you up - I'm so used to visiting at night, I forget that some people have to go to bed."

"Don't let that worry you, Ron's only getting up again at 6 am"

Looking sheepish, he started towards the door. Then Ronl decided to ask him to help fix the typewriter. I went to bed.

One day, I'd like to put out a fanzine of typical Aussie fen activities, like SSFF meetings, or MSFC meetings, a Canberra do, a weekend at Eric's or a committee-and-interested-persons-to-tea here in Sydney. How about it people?

Talking about Aussieland, I put in the full words of "Song of Australia" written in the 1880's before nationhood, because it has my vote for our national anthem. I first heard this song on Christmas day on an ABC nostalgia programme - Great Moments in Australian Radio. Overseas people can hear it if they ever come to visit us. We have the song on a record of memorable songs and prose in Australian history (a\* Eric Lindsay - it's a real treat) which we both tend to quote a lot from these days.

Of course, I like "Advance Australia Fair" as well. I tend to become bleary eyed when it is played though, which wouldn't be too hot if you're attending a big do at the Opera House and haven't got the waterproof type of mascara on - you'd come out looking like Bozo the clown. You see, it has some tender childhood memories. The primary school I attended (Blacktown North Primary if you're interested) was rather different to most in that our headmaster, Mr Riley, used to insist that we sing "Advance Aust. Fair" at our weekly assemblies, rather than "God Save The Queen". He was consistent in his wishes, so that we tended not to sing the traditional songs of "Strawberry Fair", "Oh Rio", "Greensleeves" and the "Agincourt Song", but rather "Click Go the Sheers", "Reedy Lagoon" and "Botany Bay". So I rather suspect that he had a rather wide nationalistic streak. Unfortunately, our headmistress Miss Beryl Smith, used to follow Department of Education ruling and at our assemblies (weekly also, at Blacktown Girls High - a far cry from primary school, since our primary school was very small filling only two rooms at a full assembly, at BGHS we have seating for 2,000 pupils in a huge assembly hall/gym and usually full with seats around the side for staff - all sixty odd of them.) And we were required to sing "God Save the Queen". (It was in my first year in this institution where I learnt all the words of that anthem, and it offended my Christian ethics). I think Miss Smith realised that there was a small subversive element in the singing, but she never found out who the mere half dozen girls singing "Advance Aust. Fair" were. Nearly gave it away in my last year there though, since as senior music student I had the privilege of conducting the school and I tried to conduct "God Save the Queen" to the timing of "Advance Aust. Fair" - I finished several beats before the rest of the assembly who blithely ignored the conductor anyway.

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## A L I E N     M I N D S

By John J Alderson

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### MAGPIES INC.

The human being is not essential for the existence of the black-backed magpie, but whenever possible a pair of magpies, or perhaps a small colony of magpies will possess a small mob of humans. While being indifferent husbandbirds they will defend the humans from encroachments by such scruffy types as kookaburras, jays and crows, and keep such predatory animals as cats and dogs in their place. However they can become overbearing and tyrannous and the humans have been known to rebel, but this is not usual due to the sloth of the humans.

The bird of whom I speak, least any foreign types reading this get the wrong idea, is the Gymnorhina tibicen described by Latham. The "tibicen" is from the Latin, a flute player, so called from its song. The bird is also known as the Piping Crow-shrike, Varied Crow-shrike, Organbird, Flute-bird, and Singing White Crow, and certain descriptive names not suitable for a family journal. There is a story that the Canberra magpies, being particularly vicious, attacked Billy Hughes whilst he was playing golf, and Billy, who had a fine "flow of language", rebuked them in words that shattered and blasted an ancient gumtree - pointed out for many years to tourists whilst the guides told the story in awed whispers.

A magpie measures about fourteen inches in length, and is a mass of muscle, bill, and claw, and anyone will find out who catches one. The bill is particularly powerful for delving after worms and other things in the soil, and for attacking intruders. The magpie will fight anything as it is reputed all black-and-white birds will, a generalisation that is not quite timid; such as the jay and the black robin. A magpie acquires an area of the earth which is his and for his family. It is a large area which I have yet to accurately plot, but is a minimum of ten acres, surrounding a tall tree or telephone post in which he builds the nest of branches or fencing wire or both... to the anger of the telephone linesmen who have to remove the wire when it shorts the telephone. As the breeding season starts all



physically handicapped magpies are destroyed (unless they are cunning and hide in a shed until the season is over). There would be only one breeding pair in such an area but there may be several other, probably younger birds as well. The old cock relentlessly attacks anyone, man or dog, that invades his land from now on, which is tough on the humans if their house happens to be under the tree the magpie is using. Despite the bird's neat appearance, his nest is an untidy affair, probably because of the heavy timber used for its building, and as they can work 8g wire, the power of their bills can be appreciated. Its other power will be revealed if they connect with one's head at the bottom of one of their power dives. They do not always hit one's head; this depends upon the treatment the humans give them. Generally they dive from the back, will pull out of the dive on one raising their arm, particularly if they have nearly collided with an arm under such an occasion. They usually pull out of the dive if one turns and looks at them. But you could also lose your eye! But he will never trespass onto his neighbour's land.

The youngsters are quite fearless... there are usually two though they lay four eggs, but that is my observation. I often catch the youngsters and have a yarn to them ignoring the attacks of every magpie for a mile around. Attempts to rob the nest leads to really heavy attack; indeed. The parents dig out tasty morsels and the young bird tilts his head back and says "Kark, kark, kark" and opens his enormous mouth and the goodie is shoved down it so that the last kark ends with a gobble. After a few weeks of this the parents dig up the grubs, flourish them triumphantly for the youngster to see, then swallows them themselves. About this time too, the youngster is taught to sing and will spend several hours per day perfecting his warble until, to quote Lord Lytton ("A Strange Story") it is "that sweetest of warblers, which some early irreverent emigrant degraded to the name of magpie, but whose note is sweeter than the nightingale's, and trills through the lucent air with a distinct exstatic melody of joy..." This song the magpie will sing on any occasion and anywhere, apparently for the sheer joy of singing, and on nights of the full moon, this can be two am. Furthermore, if ever they discover it annoys a man they will sing under his window at five in the morning. They love gardens of course, particularly those with a sprinkler going for they get delight to get under the spray and shower.

Most of the time they feed in the open paddocks, leaving the timbered land for the jays and kookaburras but having minor disputes with those birds on "border questions". I have seen several magpies get a kookaburra down and give him a sound drubbing, which is unusual because magpies only co-operate in emergencies. This is where they are no match for the jay which is a social bird and always outnumber the magpie, and if one is

worsted, there are still twelve to go. In such cases the other magpies look on and give advice, or warning that a human is coming.

Any kookaburra who is misguided enough to accept scraps from a house is very shortly in trouble. There will be a whirr of wings and the kookaburra will be struck at the bottom of a magpie's power dive and rolled in the dust. These affairs of honour are never fought to the death. Chained dogs are a magpie's delight. They will come and steal its food (usually not bothering if the dog is not there, it's outwitting the dog that makes the food taste so good). The common lurk then is for the magpie to stalk just beyond the reach of the dog and give a "kark" to wake it up. The dog sees its tormentor and charges, to nearly break its neck at the end of the chain. The more the dog barks the better the fun. When the dog has been clearly outwitted the magpie throws back its head and carols blithely. Of course sometimes feathers fly if the dog is sleeping in the kennel but unchained.

The same nonchalance is shown with regards to cars. The unhurried walk, at the last minute, off the road from the path of a speeding car is something to be admired. Admittedly, the roads are lined with dead as the young generation learn the art, and it is some art to judge whether a car is coming at one at thirty or seventy miles an hour, and the magpie makes it a point of honour never to hurry. This infuriates some types of drivers who try to run them down, often succeeding, though what fun they get out of it I don't know.

My parents once got a young magpie as a pet. It was loose. Every couple of hours it came and got one of them to go and dig the garden for worms. If they did not come they get a smart peck on the leg for their tardiness. It ate everything except snails and slugs.

Magpies have no moral principles, are arrogant tyrants, but they have the most beautiful song of any bird. One can forgive them a great deal.

- John J. Alderson

—ooOoo—

Enclosed with this issue you will find a DUFF form. To vote you must be an active fan (ie write locs, articles, draw, be a member of a Club, etc). If you wish to vote fill in the form as in elections - all squares numbered and send in at least \$1. And, of course, Vote Sue Clarke Number One!!! Help Aussue fandom!

# REVIEWS.

By MAX TAYLOR

ARK readers and sf addicts all over will be interested in two new paperbacks, Collier Books Frontiers series. They are TOMORROWS ALTERNATIVES and THE NEW MIND (both \$1.50)

The first contains new, original work by R.A.Lafferty, Simak, Malzberg, Gene Wolfe and many other hands. Frnak Herbert introduced it all, saying many wise things, like - "I am not here to participate in the destruction of the world where I have (or hope to have descendants. When I raised my gaze to infinity I see that a species, which incorporates consciousness need not be mortal, need not die"... Here are future alternatives for the human race. The stories are stimulating, cerebral, often quite inspired. That touch of fantasy is here, and so well handled in most cases that one doubts whether is is only fantasy. Make your own choice.

Frederick Pohl has the first word in THE NEW MIND collection, and as one would expect it's a scholarly first word. The book is worth acquiring for Pohl's comments alone. He's an erudite, sparkling character, and his thoughts on UFO's and Parapsychology are of more than passing interest. "This is a terribly confusing world we live in. The human race has just grown to strength and, like any clumsy young giant, has broken a lot of its toys. We've already broken a great deal of our world, in ways that cannot readily be mended again, by means of technology. And so we turn to something else. Paranormal powers? How marvellous if they really did exist! What an elegantly satisfying world we could live in if we could read each others hearts and avert harm by pre-cognition!

Pohl knows that change is on the way - coming because man needs the change. Coming because man is acting to make them possible - "In the real world they have already begun to happen..." Pohl knows also, that in science fiction the changes are often predicted. The stories in The New Mind explore many aspects of man's mind - how it can be altered, mutated, the paraphysical possibilities - even its transplantation, if you wish to go along with that.



Of the names here only one belongs to a lady - Katherine Maclean... .. I wonder why more women writers haven't moved into the sf field? Both books are strongly recommended. To keep abreast of the books flowing from Australian and overseas publishers is a demanding business! There's no let up.

Let's have a glance at both hardbound and paperbacks. By-the-way, the once humble paperback should never be disregarded - some fine titles emerge in paper covers, and the prices are always more reasonable than many hardbacks, as you are doubtless aware.

How about an intelligent cook book, just for a change? Sharon Gadwallader and friend Judi Ohr have prepared such a treasure, THE WHOLE EARTH COOKBOOK (Penguin Handbooks \$1.00). What exactly are whole earth foods, you ask? Simply vegies, fruit and grains emerging from soils rich in organic material. No chemicals have been used to promote their growth - and in the case of livestock animals are raised on natural foods only, with access to rich pasture land, lots of exercise. This young couple, hooked on the whole earth bit, conduct a Whole Earth Restaurant, which has become quite celebrated, on the campus at California University, out of Santa Cruz, USA. They've been functioning three years, winning hearts and stomachs, and not (this is an interesting point) wishing to make a profit. Natural foods only, and the staff are students who care about such matters. The actual recipes here have been tested thoroughly in the Whole Earth Restaurant. There are dozens of soup, salad (and vegis), meat, grain and bread recipes. Extremely easy to follow, too. The authors note that during the last few years there's been an enormous swing amongst people of all age groups, from diverse environments, to natural, untainted foods. "More people have become aware of the need for change in their nutritional patterns. Many of the younger generation have taken the responsibility of altering their diets and are converting to pure foods with the seal of atonement". They comment on the indiscriminate use of lethal sprays on farms, noting that governments are abolishing the use of the more disastrous ones. For planning a swinging diet this will prove most useful. There's no need to discard your favourite foods, simply watch that the ingredients are not tainted, are grown and prepared under the best circumstances. Not always easy, I know... but worth some attention.

Are you a Henry Lawson addict? As a short story writer he's largely forgotten today - his verse lingers on. That interesting Broken Hill artist Pro Hart, and Lawson expert and book collector Walter Stone, have collaborated, producing a collection of Henry's more tuneful verses, Poems Of Henry Lawson (Ure Smith, about \$2.50) a colourful, involving production. Stone knows the Lawson legend from A to Z, contributing a splendid profile of the unhappy author. Hart's paintings, accompanying such poems

as The Teams, Faces in the Street, Reedy River, and Roaring Days, are just great. This is the sort of book that will sell for ages, and become a collectors item.

Another 'Australiana' piece is An Australian Camera 1851-1914, prepared by the industrious Michael Cannon (Thamas Nelson, \$5.95), a hardback tracing our history from pioneering days to the first world war (the one that didn't end all world wars!). Cannon has chosen a mass of early photographs most of which have not been printed hitherto. His captions are concise and factual. If you dig pics of old colonial cottages, and the people who lived in them, you'll find this a treasure. How stern the old folks looked, hardly a smile on their colonial visages. The subjects treated include, for the record, mining, country life, outback, immigration, etc.

Pottery, during the last decade, has moved from the realm of the expert into the day to day orbit of the hobbyist. Rightly so --- everyone can play -- why not? Relaxing, educational, a fun thing is the pottery game. Those happy Hamlyn people have produced a great (and I mean it ) guide to potting ... Step By Step Guide To Pottery (Hamlyn \$1.95) by one who's been at it for a lifetime, Gwilyn Thomas. He makes it dead easy - the gear you need, how to go about making all manner of interesting items - like plates and cups, decorative objects for the home - an endless range. Sensibly, he's enclosed a glossary of terms. You can become an expert, an instant potter, so to speak, right at the outset. If you're decided to teach yourself the rudiments you'll need Thomas's words of pottery wisdom. Sure, I know there are lots of books on this topic, but not many at this price, as carefully illustrated (colour, too) and as comprehensive. "In this most ancient of techniques, touching our lives as it does at many points, from Zen tea-bowls to sewage pipes, it may be safe and smug to say there is nothing really new... the ability to make things in clay is still a skill, acquired only through personal effort, and through practical instruction, example and guidance.."

Whilst chatting about Hamlyn's instructive range of books, a quick mention of Camping and Caravans (Hardback, \$6.95) a monster guide to a complex subject - simply everything anyone needs to know about camping, motor bike trail riding, bushwalking, bushcraft and more. Indexed, illustrated, with long lists of organisations that may be helpful, bushwalkers clubs, etc. Also data on where to go, and what you'll find there. Another Hamlyn realase is a bound edition of the 'part series' Mind Alive... remember them? Fortnightly issues of world knowledge, from early times? Now it's all together in one volume (\$6.95), a handy reference for anyone, student, armchair traveller. The editors write: "The world is getting smaller. Trade and transport cross continents, tourists and fashions cross oceans, ideas

and pop music across the globe. We are all becoming world citizens. And yet how many of us really understand that world outside our own small corner and country?" A good question... and with this beautiful production you'll have most of the answers. It's a good index, and to give you some idea of subject coverage, I'll briefly mention a few topics: climate, man and what he's done to the earth, oceans and seas, the stars, man against nature, transportation, man's family groups and more, much more, including large sections on each region; Europe, Americans, Oceania (that's us) Asia, Africa, etc. Masses of illustrations, not just for the heck of it, but chosen with infinite care, to point up the informed text.

It's possible some readers of ARK may be interested in aviation. If so, take a gander at Historian Publishers range of low priced (but well produced, up to date, illustrated) books - Historical British Aircraft; Battle of Britain; Air Historian = Lockheed P38 Lightning; Camden Aviation Museum... all \$2.25, except the last mentioned which is only 50 cents. Tremendous value for the aero buff, and available at most bookshops, or you may write Historian: 3 Grandview Drive, Campbelltown, NSW. Mention that you read about their titles in ARK!

So what else is new? In the fiction line, three paperbacks of distinction. Odessa File by Frederick Forsyth (the chap who wrote Day of the Jackal) now (or almost) a film... It's about a nazi hunt, exciting, well documented, reading like a true story, which it may well be. It's a Corgi book \$1.60. From the Panther people we have a Canadian writer, Mordecai Rickler, St Urbains Horseman \$1.65. Amusing, loaded with great characters, the sort of book one devours at a sitting. Jake Hersh is a Canadian film director, working in London, and he gets accused of rape by a German au pair girl. He extricates himself from this dire situation - only just! Richeler has a finely honed wit, a magnificent talent for observation, and he's not without pertinent social comment. An Australian, Dusty Wolfe, shows great promise in what I believe is his first novel, Brass Kangaroo (Allara \$2.50) - aboriginals and the real world of colour in Australia. Wolfe, like many good writers, has turned his hand to many jobs, felling trees, farming, dishwashing - you name it. It's stood him in good stead, he knows his fellow man pretty well, waiting most of the time with an angel's touch. Aboriginal Land Rights is his subject - he was once relieved of job as a manager for an Aboriginal Settlement through political pressure. He's got a new title on the way. In my opinion we're going to hear much more of Dusty W.

Before we go, a few titles on the showbusiness scene. Mickey Dean's memoir of Judy Garland, that tragic, great performer, Weep no more my Lady (Mayflower \$1.35) will keep fans happy;

frank, personal type of book; for those who can remember, or have read their theatre history, there's Sarah Bernhardt by Joanna Richardson (Robert Hale \$8.10) concerning this "modern yet mythical being - she was more than an Empress - she was a kind of divinity... "They called her the Divine Sarah, did they not? This great actresses life is treated in considerable detail, with many old stage shots from such plays as Lady of the Camellias, one of her greatest hits. For the film fan, Storyline, recollections of a Hollywood screenwriter, will please and inform. Lenore Coffee is the author who first went to Hollywood in the 20's as a kid and began to write plays. She knows Hollywood, and its denizens. She spills the facts in Storyline (Casell \$8.45). Hollywood to Lenore was a world of chance - in fact she says of the arts generally that luck plays an enormous role. Apart from the background glimpses of the stars, the great directors and producers, there's something else here - humanity, care. This is not, like so many books about the Hollywood rat race, a hard, cynical book. It's an aware one, but tender, almost loving, certainly compassionate. They are rare qualities today in books about the hard world of the silver screen.

I'd like to hear from ARK readers - about your tastes in books, what sort of books you'd like to read about here, etc. If you have any queries, about old or new titles, let me know. The address is: PO Box 158, Strathfield, NSW 2135. The phone no. is 76-5236... always happy to help, and to hear from you.

Get in touch sometime.

- Max Taylor.

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We'll try something new. How about in locs if you rate contents of previous issues by numbering them 1 to X, as Astounding does. Might be interesting to see the results.

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And remember overseas fans... now is the time to start saving for the Worldcon in 1975 in Australia. Even tho it is being held in the Frozen waists of Melbourne (and you'll have to well wrap it up) we hope you'll come.

And don't forget - SUE CLARKE FOR DUFF!

# GRIMESISH GRUMBLINGS

A COLUMN

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER

## THE ULTIMATE BLIMP.

I have always had a thing about airships. (If you hear a faint clashing of phallic cymbals, ignore it.) I dates back, I think, to World War I, of which conflict I have a few childhood memories. One of them is of an airraid on London, with that silvery torpedo shape, a zeppelin, very high (by the standards of those days) caught in the criss-crossing beams of the searchlights. Somehow that recollection is scarcely less vivid than those of air raids on London during World War II....

During the latter days of World War I, and for a few years thereafter, I lived, with my mother and my maternal grandparents, in a small town called Beccles, in Suffolk. Beccles was a very popular town with the German airship crews. No, they didn't drop any bombs on it. It was probably popular with German navigators in World War II, for the same reason. (There was one stick of bombs dropped on the town during the second World War, but that was by a badly damaged aircraft whose captain was desperately trying to lighten ship so that he could gain altitude.) The reason for Beccles' popularity was this. It has a church that is the only one of its kind in East Anglia - a square tower, not the usual spire, detached from the main body of the church, located on a bend of the river Waveney. It was an unmistakable landmark. You - supposing that you were a German airman - picked it up on your way west from the Fatherland, then turned south for London.



Beccles was close both to Pulham - the Royal Navy's airship base - and to Farnborough, where the R.A.F., post war, kept its airships. As I recall it, these were prizes of war, ex-German zeppelins. The British did not name their airships, although a blimp from Pulham, a frequent visitor to our skies, was known as "the Pulham Pig". The zeppelins merely had the "R" - for Rigid - prefix, and a number. R33 and R34 were the ones we saw the most of. It was R34, I think, that was selected for early research into the use of airships as aircraft carriers. As a small boy I was lucky enough to witness one such exercise. The aeroplane - a small biplane - was carried in the belly of the ship, and then lowered on a sort of trapeze affair with quick release gear. As soon as its engine was running properly it cast off, flew rings around its huge mother ship, and then, returning, hooked on and was drawn back up inside.

I first went to sea in 1928, at the time when Dr. Eckenor was making the name both of himself and of his ship, Graf Zeppelin. I saw her quite a few times in various parts of the world. She had a long life, with very small repair bills - but, with World War II starting, the aluminium that had gone into her construction was required for making aeroplanes.

It was the Hindenburg disaster that sounded the death knell of the big, passenger carrying airship. It still seems to me that a lot of fuss was made over the loss of a very few lives, relatively speaking, especially when the death roll of a modern plane crash is so horribly heavy. And there are rail crashes, and the occasional sea disaster, such as the wreck of Wahine. But for quite a few years prior to the First World War the zeppelins maintained an internal air mail and passenger service in Germany, without a single casualty.

The trouble with Hindenburg, of course, was what she had in her gas cells - hydrogen. At that time the only known sources of helium gas were in the U.S.A. Hitler had been trying to build up a stockpile of helium - if gas can be said to be stockpiled - but Roosevelt refused to play. He could see World War II coming up, and quite possibly had learned of the German plans for big, airship aircraft carriers. In pre-radar days such brutes could have had the Eastern Seaboard of the USA at their mercy. A surface aircraft carrier is vulnerable to attack from three dimensions - from under the sea, from the surface of the sea, from the air. The airship aircraft carrier would have been vulnerable to attack only from the air. She could have carried fighter aircraft as well as bombers. She could have handed out quite a wallop with rockets and heavy machine guns. Helium filled, she could have taken considerable punishment.



The World War I zeppelins could also take considerable punishment - until the invention of the incendiary bullet. One of the most important crew members was the sailmaker, who, wearing breathing apparatus, actually worked inside the gas cells with his palm and needle, stitching up the holes as the bullets came through....

Finally, those airship carriers, if they ever had been built, would not have used anything so crude as that trapeze flying-off gear. They would have been of tubular construction, with the landing and taking-off deck inside the main body of the ship.

During World War II the Americans made considerable use of blimps for coastal patrol, on both seaboard. With their relatively low speeds and their considerable endurance they were the ideal aircraft for this purpose. If they spotted a submerged submarine they just stopped over the spot and dropped depth bombs at leisure. If they spotted a submarine on the surface they were supposed to stay well clear and call fast bombers to the locality. Towards the end of World War II the U-Boats, more and more liable to air attack when on the surface, were carrying considerable anti-aircraft armament on deck.

There was one case that has its elements of black humour. A blimp, sighting a surfaced submarine, decided to do the job all by its little self and came roaring in, at all of fifty knots, with its single .50 machine gun blazing - an anti-aircraft gunner's dream come true. Needless to say, the Germans' twin 20 millimetre Oerlikons blew the thing to shreds before it got anywhere near them.

Nonetheless, the blimps were good. I have proposed, after the Blythe Star affair, that we use blimps for coast patrol and air-sea rescue operations. But nobody ever listens to me. I often wonder if H.G. Wells did have the epitaph that he wanted on his tombstone: You damned fools! I told you so!

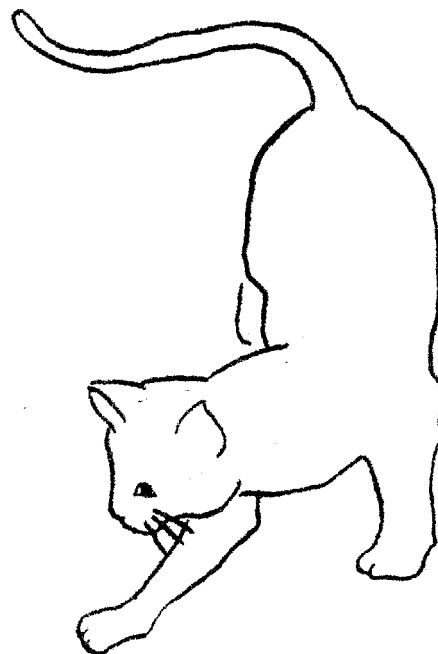
Even so, there are quite a few people who want to see the airship make a come-back. Goodyear - a company that still produces the occasional blimp - had plans, just after the end of WWII, for two huge, beautiful, passenger-carrying airships. But Uncle Sam wouldn't come across with the subsidy. Uncle Sam had a down on airships. The U.S. Navy sent its surviving big blimps on a round-the-world cruise just to prove that airships are No Good. That cruise proved the very reverse - but the blimps were scrapped. I wonder who was behind the scenes... The big oil companies prefer (or did prefer, in pre Power Crisis days) a flying machine that's a glutton for fuel rather one that works on the smell of an oily rag. Eckener, in fact, once

sailed his ship, Graf Zeppelin, to Rio. He suffered a breakdown of all four diesels at once. He juggled gas and ballast until he found a fair wind, and by the time his engineers had the diesels working he was there... You couldn't do that in an aeroplane.

Feasability studies regarding the operation of airships have been made by at least two major shipping companies - one specialising in container carriers, the other in oil and natural gas tankers. The Russians use air-ships for carrying supplies to the garrisons along their border with China. In many places it's rugged country, where it would be practically impossible to make airstrips, and well beyond the range of big, cargo-carrying helicopters. I don't know what branch of the Russian forces mans the things, but it has been hinted that, in the West, personnel will be recruited from the sea services. An airship is a ship, run like a ship, handled like a ship - although in three dimensions. It reminds me of once when I was flying to New Zealand. It was just after the Qantas strike regarding night landings at Djakarta, with very unreliable radio navigational aids. Most of the journey I spent in the front office, earbashing and being earbashed. We talked about - among other things - the recent strike. "Remember this," said the Qantas captain, "when you are in trouble you can drop both anchors and go full astern. I can't." In an airship, however, you could do just that.

Just imagine the reintroduction of the airship to the passenger trade. Helium filled - and helium, these days, is plentiful, all over the world - it would be absolutely safe. You would travel in big ship comfort. Although the voyage from Sydney to London might take as long as five days, this would be advantageous rather than otherwise. You would not have your personal time scale thrown out, and you would arrive fit and rested. Cruising at a relatively low altitude you would be able to enjoy the scenery.

I have often wondered what people do with the time allegedly saved by travel in jet aeroplanes. Getting away from people to mail - it is a known fact that in the days of the Western Ocean fliers - the big,



fast ships such as Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth - it took less time for a letter to get from London to New York - or vice versa - than it does today.

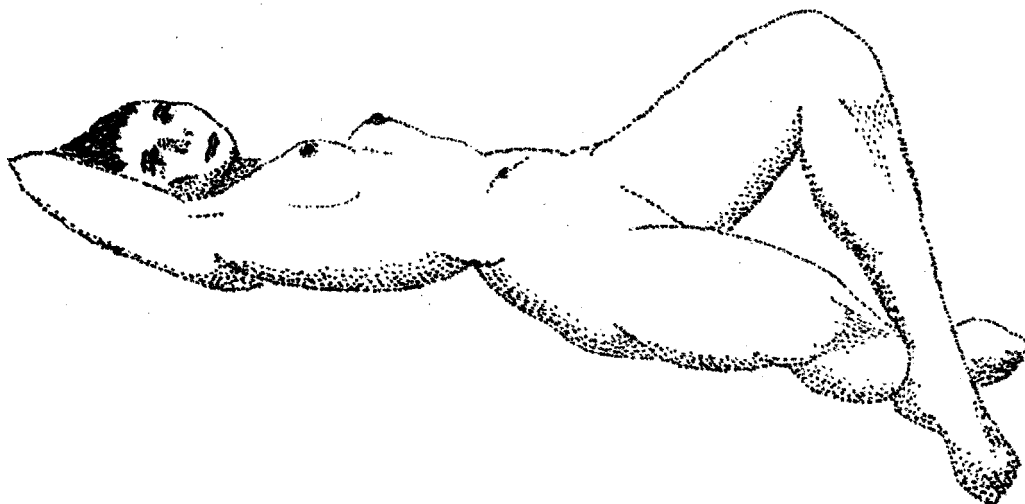
There is the ecological viewpoint to be considered, too. I have a simple mind, and I just can't see the point of burning fuel to proceed from Point A to Point B and to stay up, when all you need do is burn fuel to proceed from Point A to Point B. After all, in a surface ship you don't have to burn fuel just to stay afloat... The less fuel that is burned, the less atmospheric pollution.

As a matter of fact there was an airship, invented by a man called Andrews way back in the 1800s, that burned no fuel at all. It was gravity powered. It worked. Starting off, the airship was trimmed so that its stern was down and its nose up. With the moorings cast off it did an upwards glide. As soon as it reached its ceiling gas was valved and ballast shifted to reverse the trim. It did a downward glide. As soon as the pilot's nerve failed ballast would be shifted again, and dumped and there would be another upward glide. And so on, and so on, with the airship proceeding in a series of swoops.

Oh, I admit that the airship would be of little value as a military aircraft, except in areas where it could be used for unmolested coast patrol work. But, as the recent Middle East War showed all too clearly, no matter what you're flying, the SAMs will get you.

- A. Bertram Chandler.

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THE CLARKE

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S H A I . D O R S A I !

By

Del and Dennis Stocks

P A R T T W O

Here is Tam Olyn, an emotional cripple after his Uncle's treatment. Uncle Mathias lives by the motto of Destruct, with a lasting impression on Tam and his sister Eileen. Mark Torre is in the stages of compiling the Final Encyclopedia which will be soon too large and too delicate to fit on Earth's surface. Visitors to the central connection complex have been known to hear things. On a tour under the guidance of Lisa Kant, Olyn hears thousands of voices talking to him. Lisa takes him to meet Torre and an Exotic, Padma. Torre wants him to work on the encyclopedia but is refused. Padma hypnotises Olyn and Olyn sees his own personal version of chaos, with great streaks of lightning, which he manages to control to a small degree.

At home he exerts his new-found power in dissuading his sister from marriage to Jamethon Black, a Friendly soldier. Eileen eventually marries a Dave Hall. After the victory over Newton, Olyn attends the dinner given for Donal Graeme. The two have no contact save for a brief searching glance at each other. At the party Olyn again meets Padma who tells him it is a nexus for both Olyn and Donal Graeme.

Five years after hearing the voices in the Final

Encyclopedia, Olyn is on New Earth covering, as a probationary member of the Newsman's Guild, the battle between the Friendlies and the Cassidan forces. He manages to extract Dave Hall from the troops as his aide and attempts to get a safe-conduct pass from the Friendlies for Hall as well. In his attempts for this pass he meets Black again, but the Friendlies refuse Hall a pass. Olyn is safe since his cloak and newsman's status will suffice. After many years of non-contact, he receives a letter from Eileen thanking him for pulling Hall out of danger.

Kensie Graeme is Field commander of the Cassidan forces... Donal's Uncle. On his way from the Cassidan lines towards the Friendly forces, Olyn's air car is destroyed by a vibration mine. Both he and Hall begin to walk back towards the Cassidan lines when they are caught in a sonic barrage. Olyn drags Hall clear and makes the front lines just before the Friendlies attack. The Friendlies withdraw leaving the Cassidan defenders to cope with the Friendly Armour which is burning everything in its approach. The troops leave Hall and Olyn who has been shot through the right leg when he tried to help the Cassidan force leader. Hall and Olyn make their painful way from the advancing Friendlies until Olyn finds he needs medical attention badly and attracts the attention of the advancing enemy, hoping his immunity as a newsman will cover both himself and Hall. But when the Friendly Groupman arrives he tells Olyn he'll have to wait for hospitalization and orders all prisoners,

Hall included, shot on the spot. Olyn is found later by Cassidan troops who eventually won the whole conflict. The Friendly Groupman is executed for violation of the rules of warfare concerning captives and Olyn goes to Kultis for psychological repair where he again meets Lisa Kant.

Olyn realises he's beginning to fall in love with Lisa after they spend some considerable time together and at her suggestion goes to see his sister. Eileen accuses him of still living to the motto of Destruct. Olyn leaves, gets drunk and decides to carry out a rather



complicated revenge against the Friendlies.

He travels to New Earth and asks for membership to the Newsman's Guild council from Piers Leaf - the Council Chairman. Olyn predicts that within three years the Exotics and the Friendlies will be at war. He then goes to the Friendly Field Commander on New Earth and tells him he's writing an editorial series on the case for Friendly Occupation of New Earth - the Friendlies at first are wary of Olyn in the light of what happened to his brother-in-law but the series is a tremendous success and Olyn is welcomed into the arms of the Friendlies.

Donal Graem's attack on Oriente follows and Olyn goes to St. Marie and talks to Marcus O'Doyne, semi-leader of the Blue Front - a revolutionary movement against the Exotics. Olyn travels to Harmony to see Bright - Eldest of the Council of Elders - and tells Bright that he, Olyn, wants to demonstrate his impartiality by writing a series of stories on the Friendlies who, after all, killed his brother-in-law, for the mundane, power-seeking position of a seat on the Guild Council. Bright is convinced of Olyn's motives and yet assigns Jamethon Black as his aide cum spy. Olyn attracts Bright's attention by his suggestion that the Friendlies could become heroes just as the Dorsai are, by rescuing a small, oppressed people from their tyrant masters and offers Coby as an example. Naturally, Bright is aware of the position on St. Marie and five weeks after Olyn leaves Harmony, the Blue Front on St. Marie successfully revolts with Friendly help.

Two years pass and Piers Leaf sends for Olyn since a place on the Council now exists and Olyn's prediction has come about. But St. Marie's new government didn't last and the Friendlies have put in an occupation force. The Exotics have had no trouble in pushing these Friendly forces back and cutting them up. In fact Bright will leave these forces to be slaughtered rather than send reinforcements... as a result, with their destruction by the Exotics, Bright will be able to enlist the aid of Ceta, Newton, etc against the Exotics.

Olyn is about to leave for St. Marie when Lisa Kant contacts him saying that Mark Torre has been shot by an assassin and is dying and wants to see Olyn. This time Torre tells Olyn to take over his work on the encyclopedia then dies. Leaf contacts Olyn at the Encyclopedia to say it is definite that no soldiers will be sent to reinforce Friendly Troops on St. Marie.

Olyn goes to St. Marie; in particular to the Friendly compound where Jamethon Black is in command and asks him what his ~~tactics~~ will be when the fighting resumes after winter. Olyn mentions the fact that there'll be no reinforcements. Black



doesn't believe him. The Newsman then contacts the Blue Front with the theory that Friendlies are employing civilians to assassinate Exotic commanders which is against the rules of the mercenaries' code and article of civilized warfare. Naturally the Friendlies are doing no such thing, but the idea seed has been sown.

Olyn goes to the Exotic commander, Kensie Graeme and tells him about Hall's murder on New Earth... which is strange, since the groupman who ordered the slaughter was caught, tried and executed and surely Kensie Graeme as commander of the Cassidan forces would have known about it... Padma, the Exotic is now Outbond on St. Maria... But Olyn goes to the Friendlies and asks Black if they ever kill prisoners.. again pushing the idea of civilians as assassins. This way he could rouse the rest of civilization against the Friendlies. Olyn follows Black and eventually sees him contacted by the Blue Front. As he leaves the Friendly lines he sees their troops making tactical measurements in a small valley. When he next sees Kensie, Olyn tells him the Friendlies are employing civilians as assassins but he isn't believed although Kensie knows of that meeting. Olyn suggests offering the Blue Front an amnesty if they'll admit the Friendlies hired them as assassins and Olyn will back this up with his new service reports and his plausibility as a newsman. But Kensie slams him into house arrest. Olyn escapes and goes to Padma... meeting Ian, Kensie's twin on the way.

"Kensie had had a profound effect on me from the first moment, with his cheerful nature and the warmth of being that at times obscured the very fact that he was a Dorsai. When the pressure of military affairs was not directly on him, he seemed all sunshine; you could warm yourself in his presence as you might in the sun. Ian, his physical duplicate, striding toward me like some two-eyed Odin, was all shadow.

"Here at last was the Dorsai legend come to life. Here was the grim man with the iron heart and the dark and solitary soul. In the powerful fortress of his body, what was essentially Ian dwelt as isolated as a hermit on a mountain. He was the fierce and lonely Highlandman of his distant ancestry, come to life again.

"Not law, not ethics, but the trust of the given word, clan-loyalty and the duty of the blood feud held sway in Ian. He was a man who would cross hell to pay a debt for good or ill; and in that moment when I saw him coming toward me and I recognised him at last, I suddenly thanked whatever gods there were that he had no debt with me."

Padma takes Olyn to Kensie's headquarters in the flier, saying he's dangerous because he wants to destroy the Friendlies.

The Splinter cultures from the breakup of the human race with the interstellar colonization are evolutionary advanced over Earth, therefore must be judged by different standards than Olyn... but a different wavelength than Olyn, a full spectrum man. Now that these Splinter cultures are coming together to produce a more hardy universe-orientated man and the Friendlies are part of this.

Padma shows him a document from Bright saying that no more troops will be sent to help the Friendly Forces on St. Marie and those troops are to be kept uninformed of this. Under Padma's suggestion, Olyn takes the memo with him and goes to see Black. But Black ignores him giving an entirely different interpretation to the context of the message...

"You have read it without faith, leaving out the Name and the will of the Lord. Eldest Bright wrote not that we were to be abandoned here, but that since our cause was sore tried, we be put in the hands of our Captain and our God. And further he wrote that we should not be told of this, that none here should be tempted to a vain and special seeking of the martyr's crown... Look, Mr. Olyn. It's down there in black and white."

Black leaves to what will be his final battle... but when Olyn goes to Graeme's Battle Command centre he hears that the Friendlies have set up a truce table in the valley where he saw them making the tactical measurements earlier. Contact with Black reveals that he'll discuss surrender terms with Kensie but when he and Olyn approach the table Black informs them it's Kensie's surrender he wants. They turn on Kensie but the Dorsai wipes out all four. Later, the Friendly forces surrender.

Olyn returns to Earth to recuperate, then goes on to Harmony to cover Black's funeral still hoping to incite opinion against the Friendlies by this "unnatural honouring by fanatics of a fanatic who with four henchmen tried to assassinate the lone enemy commander under a flag of truce." At the funeral he meets Black's sister who thinks he is a veteran friend of her brother because of his limp and asks him to meet her parents. Olyn denies he knows Black and pushes his way out of the crowd. Later he returns and sees the girl and her parents... again he denies knowing Black... (Only one more to go, I thought, and we've got another Peter)... but Olyn runs into Padma who tells him it's just as well he's incognito since rumour has it that he's responsible for Black's death and the Friendly surrender.

Olyn also learns that Kensie has been assassinated anyway by the Blue Front who found themselves further from power than ever and who hoped the Exotic troops would retaliate against the civilian population and thus would be ordered back to Kultis leaving the Blue Front open. Black was convinced,

after his talk with Olyn, that his own death would let his men surrender with honour as they know it... so he placed himself in a position where only a miracle could save him against a Dorsai... and he lost. Padma tries to explain the thought processes of the Friendlies that allowed Black to think this way - even with four of his men men to back him up. Ian Graeme managed to stop the Blue Front's plans when he satisfied his mercenaries by killing the three assassins with his bare hands, but he is now as fatalistic and seeking destruction as much as Olyn ever was. Olyn has come to realise now what he was trying to destroy and what the Splinter cultures really are... a matter of forgiving them for they know not what they do.

Again Padma hypnotises him and this time Olyn uses the lightning analogy of his mind. He decides to go to the encyclopedia and take over unseen control using it to his new purpose of re-uniting the various cultures; besides, Lisa is waiting for him.

\* \* \* \*

Soldier, ask not - now, or ever,  
where to war your banners go.  
Anarch's legions all surround us.  
Strike - and do not count the blow.

Glory, honour, praise and profit,  
Are but toys of tinsel worth.  
Render up your work, unasking,  
Leave the human clay to earth.

Blood and sorrow, pain unending,  
Are the portion of us all.  
Grasp the naked sword, opposing,  
Gladly in the battle fall.

So shall we, annointed soldiers,  
Stand at last before the Throne.  
Baptised in our wounds, red-flowing,  
Sealed unto our Lord - alone!

SOLDIER, ASK NOT was a lot better. I never read the original shorter version, but I imagine that it was the last third of the novel that appeared first, since there is quite a bit of background detail in Olyn's recounting of Hall's death to Kensie. But I found the best of the lot was TACTICS OF MISTAKE.....

The story opens on a space ship en route to the colony world of Kultis where the Alliance has an expeditionary force helping the Exotic colony of Bakhalla against the

Coalition backed colony of Neuland. The Alliance (Western Alliance, actually) is an aggregate of former Earth nations who dispute control of the World with the Coalition - another former nation group. The rivalry has recently spread to the off-earth colonized worlds with the two Earth political giants backing opposing sides in inter-colony conflicts. Lieutenant colonel Cletus Greham is apparently drunk when he sits without invitation at the table of Dow deCastries, secretary to the out-worlds for the Coalition. Also at the table are Echan Khan, a full colonel in the Dorsai mercenaries, his daughter Melissa, Pater Ten who is in immediate conflict with Graham, and an important Exotic named Mondar the Outbond homeward bound to Bakhalla. Graham is an Alliance officer of some note as he is wearing a Medal of honour gained in the bush war that cost him his left knee. He is now the former head of Tactics at the Alliance Academy and writing a 20-volume work on tactics - he's only up to volume three and currently writing four. He initiates a duel of words with Dow and ends up engaging the Outworld secretary in a form of the shell game using cups and sugar cubes. Dow apparently wins several times until his earlier attitude of cynical amusement at Cletus's action suddenly changes when he realises the game is not so much to find the cube... but not to find it. He moves to stop and question Cletus who is about to leave the table and Melissa has to plead a headache to get Cletus away.

Once into the corridor, Melissa warns Cletus to keep away from Dow.. also from herself and her father who is a "wild" theorist like himself. Once the ship lands, however, Dow uses his privileges to make several communication calls.. Cletus, half jokingly, imagines they might concern himself. On the way to the city in an air car, they are attacked, the driver and guard killed. Echan Khan has the only weapon, the guard's dally-gun has been thrown clear. Cletus makes a dive for it only to be apparently hit and falls into a ditch. Khan's gun empties and the ambushers close in only to be cut down by Cletus who has been faking. Later he meets his commanding officer, General Bat Trayner and allows himself to be sent out to stem a new guerrilla infiltration with a more than inadequate force. Cletus had predicted that the guerrillas would try to come through a pass above the convergence of the Blue and Whey Rivers. Trayner is needled by Cletus since he had asked for jungle breaker tanks and got a tactician instead... and hopes Cletus will make a mess of things and therefore will be shipped home to Earth.

At a party held at Mondar's home later that night, Cletus and Dow get down to the nitty gritty and acknowledge their enmity. Later, with Mondar, Cletus has a rather disturbing experience in which he and Mondar each seem one in a line

of figures stretching before and behind them. Behind Cletus is a one armed man (Paul Formain from NECROMANCER?) and the last figure in his own line is a powerful old man in 14th Century Italian armour. After he realises Cletus has shared this somewhat paranormal experience, Mondar pleads with him to become an Exotic and develop his obvious unusual mental abilities not to mention the expansion of his physical being... but Cletus refuses.

Next day he is reluctantly "given" a considerably inadequate force to intercept his predicted guerrilla infiltration. He talks the sullen, hypersensitive first lieutenant, Bill Athyer, into taking most of the troops to guard two river crossings. With only seven others, Cletus leaves Athyer and the others and organises the brilliant capture of half the enemy force, turning the others back towards Athyer. But his knee is badly injured and he must spend several days in hospital.



Bat Traynor.

Coming out of hospital he finds himself now in good reputation with the troops - Athyer, however, let his half escape after all, and, on Cletus's suggestion, Trayner has him transferred Athyer to become liaison officer at the Exotic library at Bakhalla rather than have him face a courtmartial. Cletus sets himself an office to provide enemy activity predictions and booby traps the building so that an intruder can get in but not out.

The loss of the infiltrators at the "battle" of Two Rivers have placed the Neulanders in the position of coming up with some other military success to celebrate Dow's visit. Discovering that there'll be a particularly high tide that evening, Cletus accepts a standing invitation from Wefer Linet to partake of a ride in his squadron of underwater tanks. Cletus takes the initiative and asks Linet to take him up river. Here they bulldoze the river bottom forming a submerged mudbank. As the infiltrators try to float their men and supplies down river they are stranded and a wave, caused by the tank wipes out the

whole guerrilla squadron with massive loss of equipment. Meanwhile Cletus has talked Colonel Khan into training his Dorsai as jump troops.

Traynor is rather upset about the midnight jaunts of Cletus even if he did capture more Neulanders... but Cletus talks him into a flight to Elder's pass and explains that the pass could be an excellent jumping off point for an invasion of Neuland by the Alliance forces in Bakhalla. Again Traynor explodes - such an invasion would have to be decided by political authorities back on Earth... But Cletus points out that they need only pretend to threaten invasion via the pass; Neuland, in self-defence, will have to respond to it - particularly since they haven't been doing too well of late. Then, when the Alliance forces demonstrate that invasion was never their intention, the only way for Dow and the Coalition to save face will be by throwing all the blame onto Neuland and - as evidence of the fact the blame is real - cutting Coalition aid to the Neuland colony... everything to the advantage of Bakhalla.

Traynor is by now suspicious of Cletus's motives in anything he does but he is suckered by the apparent brilliance of the plan.

Khan's Dorsai mercenaries are moved up into the pass area supposedly for further jump training and the Neulanders gather in response almost their total regular ground forces on the opposite side of Etter's pass. Cletus begins to pull out his Dorsai but at the same time send word to Traynor that something terribly Top Secret has come up that only they two should discuss and would he come to his, Cletus's, office. After Traynor agrees, Cletus hangs up, sets the traps and leaves. Meanwhile, the Neuland troops are pouring into the Etter Pass with the clear intent of overrunning the town of Two Rivers, just below the pass.

Cletus orders his men back into the pass against the wishes of Colonel Duplaine, Traynor's 21C... Traynor, by the way, is now trapped in Cletus's office and can't be found. Cletus is attacked by three Neulander assassins and his aide, Arvid, is badly wounded. Cletus drops the Dorsai as jump troops in the rear of the Neuland forces attacking Two Rivers and at the same time directs Linet to dam the river below the town with his underwater bulldozers.

The neulanders, caught between the rising waters and the Dorsai on the heights of the bluffs behind them are forced to surrender en mass, and Neuland is left essentially without military forces. But Cletus insisted in jumping with the troops



and has badly damaged his knee to the point where it appears it will have to be completely amputated. Cletus, however, refuses to consider a completely artificial limb and calls Mondar to suggest that they both work together to stimulate his body to regrow a completely new knee joint. They are successful in this and soon Cletus is walking around quite whole but he resigns from the Alliance forces and emigrates to the Dorsai, becoming a Dorsai citizen. Arivd Johnson also joins him but they are confronted by a bitter Lieutenant Athyer, furious at being buried alive in the Exotic Library. Ignoring his accusations of personal spite, Cletus suggests he read some of the books.

On Dorsai, Cletus begins an intensive training programme both for his new knee and his whole body. He develops a unique method of physical self-control that allows him to perform well beyond his natural limits of endurance and strength. Using himself as an example he convinces a number of Dorsai senior officers to join him in forming an entirely new mercenary unit with a much more flexible table of organisation and far more efficient soldiers all using Cletus's own tactical theories. This new unit is created with the monetary help of the Bakhallan Exotics - a loan which is guaranteed by mercenaries awaiting their new training as part of the new outfit who will replace the Dorsai currently garrisoned at Bakhalla, now that the Exotics have got rid of Traynor's Alliance troops.

Cletus's theory is that these new Dorsai will be able to handle far larger military jobs with less men and less loss of life - resulting in a higher salary per individual mercenary. But Dow is attempting to raise both Coalition and Alliance opinion against these mercenaries since control would then be gone from Earth. Cletus has been living with Eachan Khan and Melissa since his emigration to Dorsai and he asks Melissa to marry him, mainly to keep her away from Dow, since her father would follow her if she went to Earth. Almost ready with his new troops, Cletus goes to Newton to find work for them, stopping off at Kultis on the way to see Mondar. Cletus suggests that the Exotics drive a core tap at the North Pole of their two planets of Mara. This would allow the Exotics on Mara to have an abundance of power for commercial use as well as having sufficeint to sell to other Maran colonies. This would usurp Coalition influence there. Unfortunately the Exotics couldn't afford such a project, but Cletus suggests asking assistance from the scientific colonies of Newton and offers to be the Exotics spokesman.

He virtually tricks the Newtonians into financing this project as well as finding employment for his troops in recapturing the stibnite mines of the Newtonians.

Back at his wedding, Cletus finds that Melissa's changed her mind about marriage. But he is adamant about going on and makes his point with an open pistol holster and the fact that his men outnumber her father's two to one. But, as they reenter the house, they meet Khan who notices the gun at Cletus's hip. The two men are seconds away from a bloody conflict and Melissa averts this by assuring her father she's happy to go on. Later, after the guests have gone, Cletus points out that it'll be a marriage in name only and explains his motives in keeping her, and thus her father, on Dorsai.

Just before the Dorsai depart from their mission on Newton, Athyer comes to see Cletus saying he's read through Cletus's books and sees the tremendous advantages in the system. Cletus takes him with them to Newton and they alight 200 miles from the Stibnite mines in question and the Brogan Town of Watershed. The Dorsai begin jungle training but a small team of the advanced Dorsai leave under the command of Swahili. Cletus takes Athyer with him on a forced march. This snub to Arvid has the purpose in that Cletus is attempting to build Arvid into a self-sufficient tactician like himself. The Dorsai take over Watershed without loss of life and when the Brogan troops arrive under General James van Dassel they are firmly entrenched awaiting relief by Newtonian forces.

The Brogan demands the Dorsai surrender but Cletus points out that he'll hold van Dassel responsible for any civilian loss of life should he attack. They are still in this stalemate when the Newtonian forces arrive. Walco, the Newtonian who hired the Dorsai, tries to cut the payment since it took a shorter time and less men than expected, but again Cletus holds the civilians as hostages to get the full payment promised.

Cletus goes to Harmony to see James Arm-Of-The-Lord with the idea of hiring Friendlies as cheap soldiers. The Eldest of the First Militant Church turns him down but the idea is sown.

The new trained Dorsai go from success to success and are becoming in demand. Their battles are usually over quickly and without loss of life, so much so that Swahili leaves. Swahili is an essentially Blood and Thunder soldier and this political and tactical manoeuvring isn't for him.

Cletus wages a brilliant war against General Lu May, Commander of the City/States combined forces on New Earth with only a handful of Dorsai and a convey of empty trucks. After this he learns that the Alliance and Coalition have combined with Dow de Castries in supreme command. Cletus predicts that the brush wars, so long quiet, will again break out all over and promotes Arvid to Vice Marshall and tells him to protect Dorsai.

Suddenly the Alliance/Coalition have taken over everywhere and Cletus goes to see Mondar on Kultis. Dow is using a lot of Friendlies as cheap troops (the use of which was triggered by Cletus's suggestion to James Arm-Of-The-Lord). Clatus spends some time on Kultis relaxing and seeming to let things go until he learns that Dorsai itself has been taken. He and Mondar go to Dorsai and are immediately arrested by Dow and placed under Swahili's guard.

Suddenly the occupying forces are overwhelmed by the "civilian" population of Dorsai and Swahili tries to shoot Cletus only to be gunned down by Eachan Khan. However, Dow has a dart thrower up his sleeve (literally) and shoots Cletus, who stays on his feet fighting the nerve toxin. He tells Dow that his objective is now complete when he can merely give a "vague" order such as he gave to Arvid, and have it carried out. Also he's sending Dow back to Earth since the home planet has now lost any control it had over the colonies who can now hire half the number of Dorsai troops that the Alliance/Coalition supplied to their enemy and defeat the Earth troops easily. The final 16 volumes of his tactics manual will be written but they'll be on tactics as only Dorsai-to-come can understand and use.

However, Cletus's semi-exotic powers have defeated the toxin and he recovers to patch up his love life with Melissa.

\* \* \* \*

I found TACTICS OF MISTAKE the best of the lot. By the end of all this, if I ever had to wage a war against a Dorsai, I'd surrender on the spot. You apparently can't trust 'em anywhere.

No, seriously, TACTICS OF MISTAKE was better written, the battle scenes are better, the characters more real. In fact, Del pointed out that the character behaviour and its results of Cletus Graham was similar to that of Colombo da Siena, the hero of Sabatini's Chivalry. Both started out as non-entities in their society and, by their tactical brilliance, rise to fame distrusted by the people who hire them since they succeed by "trickery" rather than by the conventional Blood and Thunder resolution of conflict. This avoidance of brute force is best shown in TACTICS OF MISTAKE where Swahili leaves Clatus's forces to "change sides" in an attempt to find more standard forms of warfare where someone actually gets hurt.

The concept of Dickson's Splinter Cultures makes for an extremely fascinating background to the stories and we found the Exotics, the Friendlies and, naturally, the Dorsai to be the more entertaining concepts.

Dickson's heroes are painted as more than human, and especially in the case of Cletus Graham, a little unreal for all their disabilities. You see, each has physical or psychological hangups - Donal was different and knew it; desperately wanted an understanding of his difference. Tam Olyn was ruled by the Destruct "motto" of his uncle and an overbearing lust for revenge against the Friendlies. Cletus was a cripple part the way through TACTICS OF MISTAKE, and Paul Formain from NECROMANCER was one-armed.

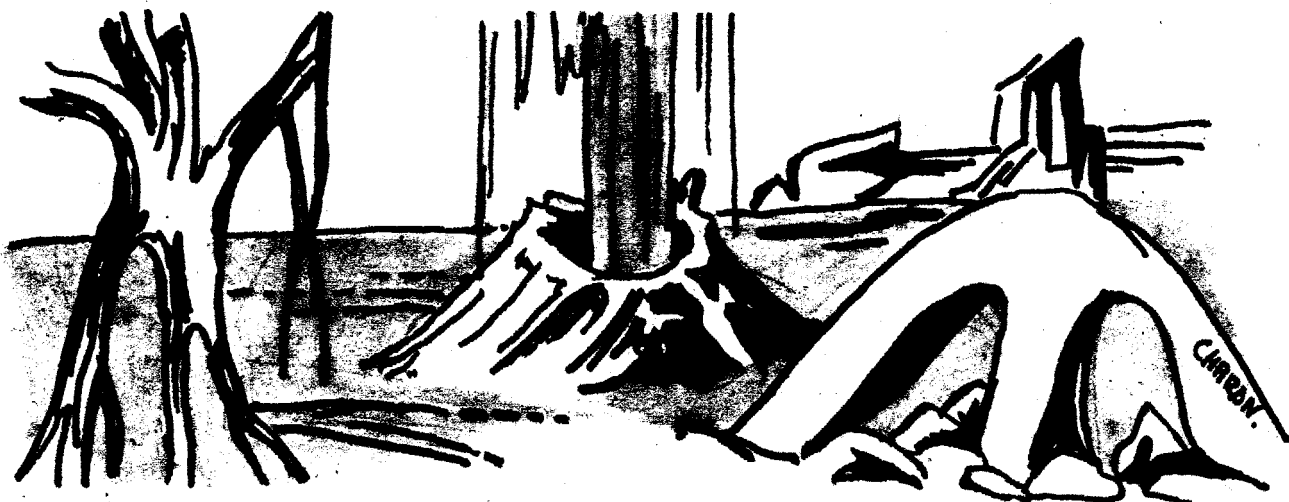
Perhaps they had to be semi-superhuman in compensation.

TACTICS OF MISTAKE ended rather abruptly as did SOLDIER, ASK NOT and DORSAI. Each could have benefitted from a slight rounding-out of the plot. TACTICS OF MISTAKE concluded with a rather unsatisfying resolution of the recapture of Dorsai by Dorsai women and children under the command of Arvid and Athyer. Perhaps this can be seen as the establishment of a Spartan-type community where everyone has one aim - warfare. On the other hand, we especially liked the concept of the tantalising 16 volumes yet to be written of Cletus's 20-volume work; but these final volumes would only be of use to Dorsai-to-come.

How can you make a summation of a series such as this?

(This article was mainly written for those of you who haven't read the series - thus the perhaps over-long synopsis of each novel. Actually, if you haven't read the series, the suggestion is obvious - Do!).

- Del & Dennis Stocks.



## P A R T   T W O

After this meeting it was clear that a break up was coming. The Triumvirate had handed over executive control of the Society to a person whom, rightly or wrongly, they now considered not to have Futurian principles at heart. Molesworth, who had supported Evens, now found himself thrust into the background. The faction around Ultra felt themselves under rebuke for their continued refusal to allow their magazine to be taken over by the Society.

The break-up came at the eighteenth meeting, held on September 22. No official records exist, but a report appears in Futurian Observer No. 19. There was tension in the air from the start. Halfway through the meeting, Molesworth showed he was fed up by walking out of the position of Secretary. Castellari proposed that the Society should be dissolved. Veney promptly stated that dissolution was not necessary, and suggested instead that the club be suspended for a short period. The amendment was carried.

Walking home from the meeting, Veney, Castellari, Levy, Molesworth and the Russells talked over the formation of a new club. They decided to limit membership to a small active number, and to make it a co-operative effort by issuing a six-page magazine, with each of the six members contributing one page. The club was to be known as the Fantasy Club, with Molesworth as Director and Levy Secretary.

A few days afterwards, however, Molesworth became gravely ill, and was admitted to hospital, where he was to remain until the end of the year. Plans for The Fantasy Club were shelved because of this, and in fact never revived. For a time, the Sydney group lost heart. Veney and Smith resigned from the staff of Zeus, and Levy and Castellari announced they would "probably but not definitely" carry on publication. The second issue did appear, in December, 1940, in a duplicated 16 pp. quarto format. In Melbourne, Hockley kept up quarterly publication of Austra-Fantasy, a 30 pp. hektographed issue appearing in September, 1940, and a 14 pp. duplicated one in December. In Brisbane, however, Moxon went down with pneumonia and abandoned the projected publication of Imaginative Stories. This was to be the finish of Moxon as an active fan. Back in Sydney, Veney resigned from his position as President of F.A.A., due to pressure of work. Australian fandom, to use Observer's words, was now leaderless, no meetings were being held, and organisation was, to all intents and purposes, non-existent.<sup>13</sup>

When the Futurian Society completed its first year of

existence on November 5, 1940, there were no celebrations to commemorate the event - not even a general fan rally, with the possible exception of a gathering at the Mater Hospital, where Veney and Castellari sat beside Molesworth's bed and "chewed the rag" over the past year's activities. "Only apathy, disinterest-edness and personal feuding marked the date of Australia's oldest and best-known fan organisation's birthday."<sup>14</sup>

Things could not be left in this state. Veney and Castellari decided to call a Sydney Conference of fans to determine what action should be taken. Late in October they visited Evans to find his attitude. "I have no further interest in the Futurism Society," Evans told them; "I want nothing more to do with it".<sup>15</sup>

But the idea was supported in other quarters, particularly by two new fans, Alan Cordner and Graham Stone. It was decided to stage the Conference, and Veney went to work on a draft constitution which he considered would be best for the Society, if revived, to adopt.

The First Sydney Science Fiction Conference was held early in December, 1940, with Charles La Coste, veteran of the old S.S.F.L. in the Chair. Others attending were Castellari, Cordner, Levy, Roden, Sawyer, Stone, the Russells, and Veney. (Molesworth was still in hospital). Discussion centred on the re-establishment of the Futurian Society on a "workable basis". Veney read an eight-point plan which he had prepared and asked for criticism. It came from all sides and in wondrous abundance. For over an hour the matter was hotly and evenly debated. "There were," Veney wrote afterwards,<sup>16</sup> "no definite sides or cliques in operation. Each fan spoke his mind irrespective of of who he was attacking."

One by one, the points were changed and reworded to suit the majority until finally seven of the eight points - now greatly modified in several cases - were passed and accepted as part of the Constitution. The most important question was - would the F.S.S. close its doors to new members, except those of exceptional merit, or remain open to all? Veney stood his stand on the former, Cordner and Levy on the latter. After long argument, the vote was 9-1 in favour of an "open" club.

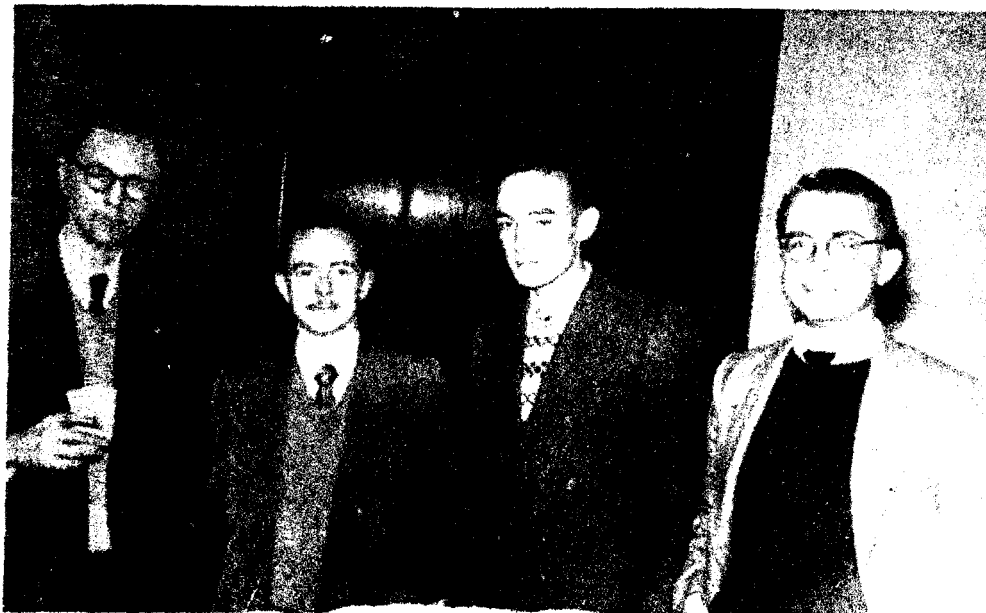
The Conference recognised that the fanzine factionalism of mid-1940 must be eliminated. It laid down that independent fan editors were to be admitted into the Society providing they refrained from printing damaging material about the activit-

14: Ibid

15: Futurian Observer No.21, October 20, 1940

16: Melbourne Bulletin No.16





Vol Mclesworth/G. Stone/D. Nicholson/N. Solnsteff

independent fanzines, but personality damning would be stopped.

ies of other members. To allow the Society to defend itself against any outside attack, an irregular club organ would be issued "which would be easily converted into a defensive barrier." Intelligent controversy would continue, as usual, in

The next meeting of the reconstituted Futurian Society was set down for January, 1941. "There was to be stricter control on the entry of new members, and these, along with old members desiring to remain within, must come up to a standard in regard to the basic essentials required for an active participation in club affairs."<sup>17</sup>

Fnas went home from the First Sydney Conference feeling that the factors which had disrupted the first period of organised fandom had been pinpointed, and that adequate provision had been made against their recurrence. "We have entered," declared the Futurian Observer, "a new era - an era which some non-coöperatives will attempt to invade, but who will, and must be kept out. Australian fandom is being reborn, and in its rebirth there can only be progress for science fiction in Australia. The real fandom is uniting with this common aim. We shall build a new and better future."<sup>18</sup>

Brave words! - but as the year 1940 drew to a close, the majority of active Australian fandom were in sympathy with them. Optimism was running high for the revival of the Futurian Society and the development of its activities during the coming year.

17: Futurian Observer No. 22.

18: NO. 23, November 17, 1940.

"The Futurian Society of Sydney is the strongest organisation in the entire Southern Hemisphere of this planet. The Futurian Society of New York is the strongest club in the Northern Hemisphere.

"Now, New York State and Australia are almost exactly opposite each other on the face of the globe. Take a map and see. Draw a line directly from the Futurian Society of New York to the Futurian Society of Sydney and it will pass nearly through the centre of the earth. And that means that the science fiction world today revolves on a Futurian axis.

"What a thought! Now will you Futurians behave!"

This stirring challenge from Donald A. Wollheim, published in the first anniversary issue of *Futurian Observer*, on January 15, 1941, was both justified and timely; justified because the Sydney Futurians had not been "behaving", - late in 1940, through sheer inability to work in harmony, they had been forced to suspend meetings - timely, because the First Sydney Conference had decided on a resumption of club activity, and the date for the first new meeting was only a fortnight ahead. Symptomatic of the general revival of activities was the publication on January 24, 1941, of the first issue of The F.A.A Bulletin, a single brown quarto sheet duplicated both sides and issued free to members of the Futurian Association of Australia by Acting President Eric F. Russell.

William D. Veney had drawn up a "workable basis" for the revived Futurian Society. Most of the active fans in Sydney agreed with the plan. It could, and should, have worked. But an unforeseen calamity wrecked the plan from the beginning.

It could without exaggeration be said that if Vol Molesworth had not caught an early bus to Veney's home on the night of January 28, 1940, the history of the Futurian Society would have been markedly different. But Molesworth did take the early bus, and arrived at Veney's home a good twenty minutes before the nineteenth meeting was scheduled to commence. In the lounge room he met Alan Cordner, a newcomer to fandom, who had won the support of many Sydney fans during the past three months of club inactivity. Molesworth had been in hospital, and the two had never met. There was an immediate clash of personalities - each disliked the other on the spot.

Besides Veney, Cordner and Molesworth, those who attended Meeting No. 19 were Bert Castellari, Ronald B. Levy, Graham B. Stone, Colin Roden, Eric and Ted Russell. Nominations for Chairman were called, and Castellari was elected unopposed. He then announced that the committee appointed to consider membership in the reconstituted Society had accepted all fans who

and attended the First Sydney Conference - that is, all those present except Molesworth; and in addition, Chas. La Coste and Bruce M. Sawyer.

The first business before the meeting was the election of a new executive panel. Castellari was elected Secretary, and the next position to be filled was that of official editor, it having been decided at the Conference to publish an official club magazine. As it was known that Molesworth had ambitions in this direction, the meeting decided to suspend the election until the question of Molesworth's membership had been settled. Since he had not been present at the conference, his name had not been among those considered by the Membership Committee. Molesworth was asked whether he would prefer a vote by members (secret ballot) or to be judged in the same way as everyone else had been. He chose to be considered by the Membership Committee. "The meeting temporarily adjourned while Veney, Cordner and Castellari left the room to decide whether Molesworth was eligible for membership. On their return they announced that Molesworth was found not to have the necessary qualifications for membership and as a result could not be considered one of the Society."<sup>18</sup>

Molesworth was staggered by this announcement. He remained seated while discussion resumed on the question of editorship of the club magazine. He heard Levy and Ted Russell each nominated for the job he believed would be his in the new club, and saw a secret ballot result in three votes each. Levy relinquished the position in favour of Russell. Molesworth got to his feet, said good-night, and left the meeting. His clash with Cordner earlier in the lounge room had paid off with a vengeance!

Back in the meeting room, violent argument broke out between Levy, Cordner and Veney, with others joining in. Levy demanded to know why Molesworth had not been accepted by the Membership Committee, and criticised whatever reasons were advanced. He contended that Molesworth should have been admitted to the Society. To Eric Russell's suggestion that members had been afraid of Molesworth because of his retaliatory action through magazines, Levy replied that this was scarcely the point, since Molesworth's actions could be opposed through magazines in the same way. Cordner then gave his personal reaction to and viewpoint on Molesworth. He said the "left wing" wanted Molesworth because they were afraid of him. Roden and Stone argued that he would be more useful in the club than against it.

The meeting then decided not to elect a Director for a term of six months, but to have instead a different Chairman at each meeting. The fear of another Evans was not far from their minds.

When the meeting adjourned, Levy was furious, Walking home with Castellari, he declared that his patience and interest were exhausted. He believed that the non-acceptance of Molesworth had been unfair, and that in the case of other members the Committee had allowed their better qualities to override their bad ones.<sup>19</sup> For this reason, he was going to resign from the Society. Castellari proposed an alternative course - that they should both "retire" from the Society for a period of from three to six months, and reconsider the question of resignation at the end of this time. Levy agreed, and both forwarded letters to this effect to the club. Castellari gave as his reason his disgust with the continual "bickering and squabbling" among members.

When the letters were read out at Meeting No.20 (February 7) those present - Cordner, Veney, Roden and Stone - denied such a state of affairs existed. "In fact, quite the contrary was evident. The Society was now taking a firm stand against all elements tending towards internal disruption and the latest trends clearly indicated a change for the better was taking place. All present agreed this was correct."<sup>20</sup> If so, it was a pyrrhic victory.

Cordner stated that the present trouble had been caused by his influence on the club's management and offered to resign so as to reunite the older members. Roden instantly protested that such an action was unnecessary as "the club would be losing a member who had its interests at heart in exchange for some who had allowed outside interests to drag them away." This was backed by Stone and Veney, the latter adding that members had cast themselves on the side of progress and would eventually have every interested fan back with them.

At the close of this meeting, Veney suggested a resolution by members to continue the Society and uphold the idea of organised science fiction. He said a resolute stand, backed by a progressive plan of action, could tip the scales in favour of survival, and bring all sincerely interested fans back into the club.

There is no doubt that Veney, who had worked so hard for the revival of the club, was distressed at the way events had turned out. To add to his embarrassment, Castellari now launched an attack on the club in Futurian Observer. Veney felt he could no longer remain co-editor of a fanzine which violated one of the major clauses in his "workable basis" plan, and relinquished therefore his half-share in Observer. Levy promptly replaced him. The result was that Observer, which had faithfully kept up a fortnightly schedule for thirty issues, now began

19: From a letter written to the Society.

20: Minutes.

appearing irregularly. On March 9, Levy and Castellari published five issues together to catch up on a two months' lapse; and they made it clear, in an editorial, that their sole reason was "to compensate those fan-editors who have been sending us magazines during the past two months, and to ensure a regular supply of fanmags".<sup>21</sup> Never again did Observer return to fortnightly schedule. On May 18, another five issues were released in a bunch, and thereafter this policy was followed until the magazine ceased publication altogether with its 57th issue early in 1942.

Despite the body-blow it had received, the Futurian Society pressed on with the publication of its own magazine, Future, and decided to hold another conference of Sydney fans, at which it was hoped a solution to the disunity might be found. Plans for these two projects occupied the attention of Meetings 21-24, held during the next two months. It was decided that Future would be published monthly in a 12pp. 8vo format and consist of club reports and the most interesting lectures delivered at meetings. Only one issue ever appeared, however, dated May, 1941. At Meeting No.23 (April 21) Veney tendered his resignation on the ground that most of his time would be taken up in future with the Y.M.C.A.

The Second Sydney Science Fiction Conference was held at The Owl Library, Bondi Junction, on Sunday, April 13. Bruce M. Sawyer took the Chair, and those attending were Cordner, Evans, La Coste, Levy, Molesworth, Roden, the Russells, Stone and Veney. A Newcastle fan, R. Cudden, also came along. Castellari was unable to attend, but was represented by a typewritten speech read by Levy.

Although much had been hoped of the Second Conference, it accomplished little. From the lengthy arguments, it was clear that differences could not be settled. On neither a local nor a national scale could fans agree. Discussion on the Futurian Association of Australia, the national register of fans, degenerated into a wrangle over the title of the organisation.

Futurian Observer No.34 (April 20) scathingly criticised the Conference under the headline: "Sydney Bunfight Great Success!"

During the Conference, Cordner approached Molesworth privately, and admitted that he had been mistaken in his decision at the nineteenth meeting. He asked Molesworth to come back into the Futurian Society, and added that he would be dropping out. Molesworth was re-elected at Meeting 25 (April 22), and a week later Cordner tendered his resignation. Molesworth's first act was to take over executive control of the F.A.A.,

which Eric Russell was only too willing to relinquish. Both in the national organisation and in the Futurian Society Molesworth carried out a series of reforms. He renamed the former body The Futurian Federation of Australia and almost immediately published the first issue of its new organ, Spaceward. In addition to registering fans, he "copyrighted" fanzine titles. There was a good response, and in the second issue, Molesworth listed seventeen members. So pleased were Futurian Society members with this reorganisation that they decided henceforth the Coördinator of the F.F.A. should be an elected executive of the F.S.S.

With regard to the Society itself, Molesworth decided to overhall past resolutions and decisions to find out just where the Society stood constitutionally. At Meeting No. 26 (May 4) he tabled a list of 59 resolutions which the club had carried in the past. Every resolution that had been outdated was crossed out, and finally the list was narrowed down to ten, which were approved. At Meeting No. 27 (May 16) Molesworth said the Society needed to be put on a more secure financial footing, and proposed the election of a Treasurer. Roden was elected to this position, and fulfilled the function ably.

Stabilized constitutionally and economically, the Society embarked on a restricted wartime existence. During the next few meetings ways and means of continuing publication of Future were discussed, but without success. Finally, at Meeting No. 31 (July 18) the position of Club Editor was dispensed with. Science fiction quizzes were re-introduced, and more discussion of stories was heard.

Meanwhile, activity had picked up in other states. In Melbourne, Warwick Hockley was continuing publication of Austra-Fantasy, issues appearing in March, June and September, 1941; and he had also begun a news magazine, Melbourne Bulletin, which ran for ten approximately monthly issues. He had visited Marshall L. MacLennan and contacted a new fan, Keith Taylor. In Hobart, Donald H. Tuck had contacted three new fans - Bob Gaeppen, John Symmons and Lindsay Johnson - and the group had begun publication of Profan, a duplicated quarto fanzine running to ten pages in its first issue (April) and 22 in its second (July). The third issue, dated September, contained 26 pages.

Back in Sydney, Russell was still publishing Ultra on a bimonthly basis; Levy was issuing Zeus; and Molesworth had produced a one-shot 4 pp. quarto letterzine, Telefan. Colin Roden now entered the publishing field with a fanzine that was to break all previous records. This was Science & Fantasy Fan Reporter, a 4 pp. 8vo. duplicated news-maglet. At first assisted by Russell and Stone, but very soon entirely by himself, Roden



produced Fan Reporter every week for an unbroken run of 34 issues, the first appearing on August 12, 1941, the last on March 31, 1942. It was strictly a newspaper, with only very occasional editorial comment. Its objective treatment and regular appearance gave a certain stability to fandom throughout its life.

In mid-1940 a new disturbing influence arose to plague the Futurians. This was the perpetration of a series of hoaxes, some of them vicious, others merely silly. The first was a report that David R. Evans had committed suicide. As Evans was in ill-health, several fans took the hoax seriously and were quite upset. Next a circular was issued stating that Futurian Observer was for sale, but this hoax was contraverted by the appearance of Obs at the same time. Thirdly, there was the "Sydcon Report". Early in 1940, Molesworth and Veney had tentatively announced that an Australian Science Fiction Convention would be held in Sydney. Plans fell through, and the project was shelved. Then a roneoed sheet, purporting to be a report on the Sydcon, was circulated. Copies were sent to England and U.S.A., and taken seriously by overseas fans. A condensed version appeared in the U.S. fanzine, FMZ Digest. When the Second Conference was held, a telegram was received purporting to be from Melbourne fan Warwick Hockley, announcing his arrival in Sydney to attend.

It was, of course, another hoax. And so it went on, causing undue and unpleasant worry and suspicion. Just who was responsible for these hoaxes was never discovered. Levy and Castellari certainly perpetrated the suicide hoax, but hotly denied the others.<sup>22</sup>

The Futurian Society decided to try and eliminate the trouble that was being caused by the pranks of the Hoaxer. At Meeting No.31 (July 18) Molesworth proposed that an officer with semi-legal authority, similar to a J.P., be appointed, whose duty would be to witness and endorse statements carrying official approval. Later a rubber stamp was purchased, and employed when necessary by Roden, who was elected Futurian Registrar at Meeting No.34 (August 29). The action was effective - no more hoaxes were played.

The degree of stability that the Society had now obtained is evidenced by the decision at Meeting No.35 (September 5) that a permanent Director should take over the duties of the Registrar. Roden was elected for a period of three months, and Molesworth became Secretary-Treasurer.

22: My own belief is that some were the work of Levy and Castellari in collaboration, while others were perpetrated by Levy alone and without Castellari's knowledge.

The policy of the organisation was altered from "the discussion of science fiction" to "the discussion, and advancement, of science fiction", thus giving the term "Futurian" in the club's name a meaning.

Control of the F.F.A. was now taken over by a new fan, Arthur W. Haddon, who joined the Society at Meeting No.36 (September 19). Haddon had planned to publish a fanzine, Venus, but ~~now~~ abandoned the project as he would be editing the F.F.A organ, Spaceward. In due course, Haddon produced the third issue of Spaceward, but it was so scrappily duplicated that he decided not to distribute it.

The Second Birthday Meeting of the Futurian Society was held on November 9, 1941, attended by Roden, Molesworth, Stone, Haddon and Eric Russell, and Evans, Veney, Ted Russell and David Boadle as guests. A telegram of congratulations was received from the newly-formed and short-lived Futurian Society of Melbourne, headed by Hockley.

Molesworth then read a short speech in which he stated that the club's records were in such an unreliable condition, and proposed that a Court of Inquiry be held to clear up what he called "the tangled skein of the club's past". He emphasised that at such an Inquiry nobody would be "on trial": the only outcome would be "a set of questions and answers which, when combined with the existing records, would present an accurate record of the Society's first 34 meetings and what happened in between".<sup>23</sup> With the exception of the Russells, all present agreed that the Inquiry was a sound suggestion. Later, Hockley wrote from Melbourne that he strongly favoured the idea. "Perhaps I would be even more drastic than you intend to be," he wrote. "Why stop at clearing up the records of the F.S.S.? One thing that could stand a sane, careful and well-conducted investigation is the recent bout of Hoaxing."<sup>24</sup> He urged that the Court should not be dismissed after the Society's records had been clarified, but "should remain in office indefinitely, standing ready to investigate and inquire into anything which shows itself needy of such an investigation."

- Continued next issue.

23: From a roneed copy of the speech.

24: From a letter in the club files.

25: Minutes.



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